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AN  
EPISTLE  
TO  
Mr. *WELSTED*.

AND  
A SATYRE on the ENGLISH  
Translations of *HOMER*.

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AN  
EPISTLE  
TO  
THE WELSH.

BY  
SATYRICAL  
TRANSLATIONS OF H. O. M. E. R.

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A N  
EPISTLE  
TO  
Mr. *WELSTED*;  
A N D  
A SATYRE on the ENGLISH  
Translations of *HOMER*.

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*Parturiunt Montes* ——— *HOR.*

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*By Bezaleel Morrice* K

To which is added,

An ESSAY towards an *Encomium* on  
the true Merit of *HOMER*.

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L O N D O N:

Printed, and Sold by THO. BICKERTON, at  
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( Price Six-Pence. )

EPISTLE

TO

A. WELLES

AND

AT YR. on the English

translation of HOMER

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LONDON

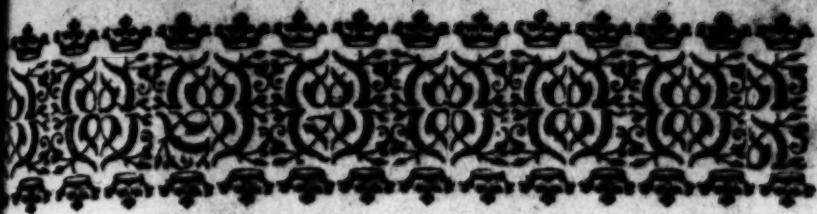
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(Printed by)

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T O

Mr. *Mathew Prior,*

These P I E C E S

are humbly inscrib'd,

By

Bezaleel Morrice.



TO

Mr. Mathew Prior,

These Pieces

are humbly inscrib'd,

By

Bezaleel Morrice.



AN  
EPISTLE  
TO

Mr. *WELSTED*.

*Parturiunt Montes* ——— *Hor.*

**O** H supple Bard ! thy gentle Muse de-  
light's  
To shew her Grace in smooth and le-  
vel Flights;

See, no fiery Transport claims the Skies,

Torrents roar, nor raging Whirlwinds rise ;

Nor

Nor surly *Satyre's* rough and horrid Mein;  
 Is in thy harmless Verses ever seen:  
 Thy harmless Verses, ever spruce and gay,  
 In specious Gingle move one only Way;  
 In easy Measures still they sliding go,  
 Their Weight and Vigour — like the fall  
 Snow.

Love is the Subject of thy melting Lays,  
 Love, and the softer Sex's softest Praise.

If ought allures thee from this darling Thea  
 'Tis but to fall into some Golden Dream;  
 'Tis but to seek some courteous Noble's Grace  
 And greatly aim at Profit, or a Place.



What Mortal wou'd censoriously suppose;  
 When from thy Quill such soothing Language flows;  
 When gentlest Matters seemingly controul  
 thy tender Thoughts, and fill thy peaceful Soul;  
 So kindly form'd to please each gracious Belle!  
 thy stern Mind harsh *Arrogance* cou'd dwell?  
 With lofty *Self-conceit*! and humble *Sense*!  
 Wou'd with *Success*, what Wonders ye dispense!

Yet, tho' the witty *Beaus* believe thee fine,  
 Think not all Art, or Excellence is thine;  
 Treat thy Superiors with a due Esteem,  
 Nor *Maro's* sweet celestial Muse blaspheme;  
 Or, 'till thou hast procur'd a juster Fame,  
 Explode our *Cowley*, or our *Dryden* blame.

B

Let

Let not the Favour of a partial Croud,  
 ( No certain Sign of *Merit* ) make thee proud ;  
 Consider prosp'rous *Man* ! uncertain Fate,  
 Least thou repent thy Forwardness too late ;

'Alas ! a *Reputation* that depends  
 On wav'ring Notions, often quickly ends !  
 'Tis like a Structure plac'd on yeilding Sand,  
 That must, which wou'd a lasting Date command  
 As founded on a Rock, in Reason stand !

Thy modish Works, that suit the present Taste,  
 Impartial and devouring Time may waste ;  
 Time may arrive, when Worth shall have Renown  
 And Sense, and solid Learning please the Town ;

Them

[ 11 ]

When shalt thou bury'd in Oblivion lye,  
 By blooming Things shalt fade ! and Glory  
 yielding dye !

Thus in th' unsettled Gloom the show'ry *Bow*,  
 Failing Grace awhile do's feebly show ;  
 Mottly Beauty ! by Reflection made,  
 The glist'ning Varnish of a wat'ry Shade !  
 Glossy Tinctures cause a short Surprise,  
 Attract a-while the the weak Admirer's Eyes ;  
 But when the Sun's fair Beams serenely play,  
 And well restore the Lusture of the Day ;  
 The gaudy Trifle — vanishes away.

...in Oblivion lies  
...and Glory

...the flow'ry Rose

...do's keeply show;

...by Reflection made,

...of a with'ring Shade!

...a look no more

...with Admirer's Eyes

...strongly play

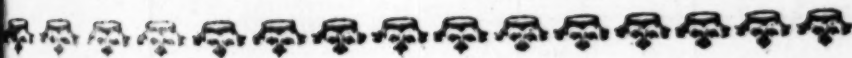
...the Language of the Day;

...— another way





ON THE  
British Translations  
OF  
H O M E R.



THE  
JOURNAL

OF THE

AMERICAN

REPUBLICAN

OF

THE

OF



ON THE  
British Translations

OF

H O M E R:

A SATYRE.

**H**E's base who wou'd degrade what's  
truly Fine;

Oppose true Merit, or a brave Design,  
well fram'd and manag'd; can presume to blame,  
envy thence a well extracted Fame.

But

But when a trivial Author, flush'd with Prai  
 Sprung from light Minds, thro' flight and fro  
 Layes;

Who the fantastic Croud with tinckling Chimes  
 Has Skill to please, and fash'onably Rhymes,  
 Dares rashly in the mightiest Work engage,  
 What Mortal can with-hold Disdain and Rage  
 Who wou'd not then to rigid Terms proceed,  
 Who has just Sense of the prepost'rous Deed?

A Work! that has so many Trials pass'd,  
 Deserving with the Universe to last;  
 Like that, with various Excellence endew'd,  
 And with almost as much Amazement view'd!



Whole solid Worth thro' envious Time remains,

And as more known, more Admiration gains ;

In its vast Praise Ages united joyn !

And Justice from a weak Attempt like thine,

Oh Pope ! can its transcendant Author find ?

In whose capacious, whose prodigious Mind,

Conduct and Force their utmost Aid impart,

And shew the whole Extent of human Wit, and

Art !

What Judgment does a Task like this require ?

What Sense ? What Knowledge ? What amazing

Fire ?

But 'tis in vain to censure or deride,

In modern Wits, th' unconquerable Pride ;

Who when reprov'd, yet more audacious grow,  
And all Things rightly, but themselves, will  
know ;

All Things industriously attempt, when Pay  
( Their noble Guide ) prepares the chosen Way.

Three daring *Poets* lo ! at diff'rent Times,  
On this Account, unsheath their dreadful Rhymes ;  
Feircely advance, and at a furious Rate,  
This glorious Bard with Crualty translate.

Bold *Chapman* do's th' advent'rous Work com-  
mence,  
And to a most prodigious Length he stretches out  
his Sense ;

Presents

Presents him rack'd and tortur'd to our Eyes,  
And in so mean and such a Course Disguize,  
He never sure from Fortune suffer'd more,  
E'en tho' he sought his Bread from Door to Door.

Then *Ogleby*, in Terms more dull and low,  
Whether he shou'd debase him, Yea ! or No !  
Debates——and then (as 'twas by Fate decreed )  
He feebly do's attempt to do the Deed :

From *Hobbs* he finds a sure destructive Fate,  
Philosopher too soon ! and Bard too late !  
By him he's more than Argument abus'd,  
and more perversely than Religion us'd :

Smart *Pope* comes now——yet not so stern as  
these ;

He proves more kind ; treats him with Grace and  
Ease ;

And makes him spruce, the *Beaus* and *Belles* to  
please ;

So gentle female Habits, heretofore  
Renown'd *Achilles* and *Alcides* wore.

Thus chang'd, how loss'd ! oh whither now  
flown

The true surpassing Glory, once his own ?

How both his Mettle and his Pomp decrease,

As thus he's hurry'd from the Plains of Greece ?



Th' immortal Steed from his triumphant Race  
 led, and taught a pretty modish Pace,  
 With Bells he gingles, do's with Harnes shine,  
 something sprightly, in Appearance fine ;  
 Yet notwithstanding this he bears a Load,  
 And moves one only Way—a beaten Road ;  
 Oh ! where is now his former various Course ?  
 And where the Tempest of his Speed, and Force ?

But ye choice Judges of the *British* Kind !  
 Who to such Works are graciously inclin'd,  
 Tell me why *Homer* must these Wrongs sustain ?  
 Why meet this barb'rous, this unjust Disdain ?  
 To most reputed Strangers, thus do we  
 Shew our Politeness, and our Courtesy ?

Thus

Thus our Regard to high Desert dispencc ?  
Suits this our Hospitality and Sense ?

Or if the largest Scope of our Desires,  
But to the Meaning of his Words aspires ?  
If this alone our mod'rate Wishes ask,  
A Padagogue or Boy, th' inglorious Task,  
May do——but if in Reason 'tis requir'd  
Translators shou'd be like himself inspir'd,  
Shou'd be with equal Sense and Judgment fill'd,  
In ev'ry human Way as greatly skill'd ;  
Search thro' his vast and comprehensive Mind,  
His utmost Meaning absolutely find,  
Know Nature, and themselves, and all Mankind ;  
And sure it is——if in this Light we see  
This wond'rous *Grecian* ; what alas ! are we,

From

from whom, thro' Shallowness, Assurance springs;  
 Wholly to cope with such stupendious Things?  
 When let us, if we can, for Shame give o'er  
 these useless Aims, and thus attempt no more;  
 Or by such Actions publicly confess'd,  
 Shall the knowing World become the Jest;  
 For Shame, let Reason our Endeavours sway,  
 If resolv'd in this untoward Way  
 To venture forward—with *Profodia's* Rules,  
 Let him be next transform'd by Youths at Schools;  
 At this, let modern Wits assert the Cause,  
 And crown the choice Performance with Applause.



[1823]

1911

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1944

1914

[illegible]

NEW YORK, N. Y., MAY 1, 1941

1944

1911

1945-1946

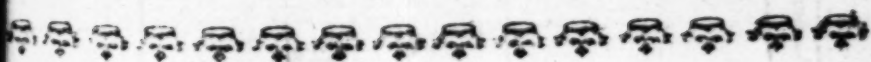
1944-1945

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A  
ESSAY  
ON THE  
CHARACTER  
OF  
HOMER.





ESSAY  
ON THE  
CHARACTER  
OF  
HOMER.



H! Thou! whose Works against the  
Rage of Time

Still last ; and flourish with immortal  
Bloom,

Who sing'st in such a memorable Strain,

Of Men and Manners, Heroes, Kings, and Gods ;

What mortal Genius can describe thy Worth?  
 And in a Style astonishing like thine,  
 Disclose the Graces of thy wond'rous Muse?  
 To shew the Graces of thy wond'rous Muse,  
 And paint thy Merit in a Style like thine,  
 Is an Attempt of such stupendious Weight,  
 No Mortal Genius can sustain the Load!

What thou sincerely and compleatly art  
 Can but be found in Thee; thy Self alone  
 Thy perfect Mirror! thy transcendant Verse  
 By various Ways subdues the ravish'd Mind.

Sublime and fair as Heaven's sereneſt Looks;  
 Rich as the whole accumulated Stores



Worth? of gorgeous *Persia*, joyn'd with *India's* Mines;  
 and pompous as the World's impartial Lord  
 Young *Ammon*; holding in triumphant Pride  
 Their vanquish'd Spoils; gentle as vernal Ayrs,  
 furious as Whirlwinds; violent and loud  
 As Thunder; easy as the Bonds of Sleep;  
 Smooth as the Surface of the peaceful Main,  
 When *Haleys* brood, and the retiring Winds  
 Are fasten'd in their subterreanean Hold;  
 Soft as the Sighs of Lovers, or the Down  
 Of *Jove*, when he leaving his lofty State,  
 Sunk to the Likeness of a Silver Swan,  
 And languishing, on *Leda's* yeilding Breast  
 Dissolv'd; harmonious as th' enchanting Voice  
 Of *Syrens*, so prevailing o'er the Sense;

But

But, as that tempts the swift Destruction, the  
 Improves, they vary like the Sunder'd Poles  
 Curious and regular as Nature's Skill,  
 Shewn in the Structure of the Universe;  
 And of as solid and secure a Frame.



*S I N I F*